

1639

Thursday Afternoon Series

WALTER HALL
EDWARD JOHNSON BLDG

2:10 pm

FACULTY OF MUSIC
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

FEBRUARY 14, 1980

MUSIC BY STUDENT COMPOSERS

Fanfare Theme and Variations

Bruno Degazio

Dan Warren and Chris Howells, trumpets;
Ben Trowell, horn; Léon Racine, trombone;
Richard Jatiouk, tuba.

Autumn Stillness

Peter Conlon

Debra Joy, Diane Parke, sopranos;
Kristine Anderson, Monica Zerbe, altos;
James McLean, Martin Spencer, tenors;
Ross Drieger, Lawrence Lebarge, basses.
Peter Conlon, Conductor.
Luc Leonard, rehearsal pianist.

Second movement from Woodwind Quintet

Janice Strifler

Timothy Brown, flute; David Sussman, oboe;
Richard Hornsby, clarinet; Raymond Bisha, horn;
Peter Hatch, bassoon

Two Songs

Rick Summers

Sung Ha Shin, mezzo soprano; Michael Coghlan, piano

Quintet for clarinet and strings

Dean Bradshaw

Tricia Baldwin, clarinet; Douglas Brierley, Carol Jenkins, violins;
Donna Griblin, viola; Janet Kuschak, cello

WINTER

Winter, by whom our stumbling feet were caught,
 Held us long in chains of cold,
 Winter has turned reluctantly at last
 Unfastened the sharp snakes and seerily
 Moved like a dream up slopes and over hills,
 Breathing a last cool sigh before he went.
 Winter has gone. The marsh-hawk and the crow
 Follow reluctantly his backward step.

Now you would think that the place
 Heal up the wounds, breathing freedom on the earth,
 Throw all her clinging on the barren air
 I tell you, no, we must be captives still.
 Who watch each other with the winter's look,
 Touch with his hand, speak with his bitter breath.

Dorothy Livesey

Gray is the air and silent as the sea's
 Abysmal calm. One solitary bird
 Calls from far time and other boughs than these;
 But the remembering silence sleeps, unstirred.
 All seems achieved, dried up the source of things.
 Or is the world too weary to invite
 Winters unborn and bid the latent springs
 Break out in flower, in fragrance, voice and light?
 June once was here; in this autumnal amber
 Lingers intangible the small clear trace
 Of his ephemeral flight, for ever still.
 No more to hope, but only to remember: —
 Let there be silence round the slumbering will,
 And if time beckons, turn away your face.

Aldous Huxley

WINTER.

Winter, by whom our stumbling feet were caught,
Who held us long in iron chains of cold,
Winter has turned reluctantly at last,
Unfastened the sharp snares and soberly
Moved like a dream up slopes and over hills,
Breathing a last cool sigh before he went.
Winter has gone. The march-hawk and the crow
Follow relentlessly his backward step.

Now you would think that spring must take his place,
Heal up the wounds, breathe freedom on the earth,
Throw all her singing on the barren air.
I tell you, no; we must be captives still
Who watch each other with the winter's look,
Touch with his hand, speak with his bitter breath.

Dorothy Livesay

NUIT BLANCHE

Blind for the lamp she's smashed and the riving tears,
She who, one by one,
Fetches up grief like stones
The quiet years have mossed
And heaves them far far off;
Riven, shriven wakes her
To passion's dank black crater
And her griefs dead-ahead, fallow for the light-foot years.

Katherine Hoskins